



I am Mie



👁 470 ✓ 42 ★ 45

Chapter 1 by Tailors <3

I am Miedelenth. Crazy name I know. I prefer to be called Mie. I can do things. Yes, I know most people can do things, But none can do the things that I can do. I can see what you are feeling deep inside. Not your thoughts. Not your secrets. I know your hearts. I can read it. Like a book. I can tell what you really think about something. Someone. Guess what. I can do more.

I can tell your emotions. Your fears. Your hopes. Your Desires. I can do anything. Well, not everything. Just, most things.

I can see your name above your head, and the day you were born. I also see the day you will die. Seeing all this death is scary sometimes. My friend died a few months ago. I was there. I saw the days lessen. I could have said something but I wasn't that cruel. I wasn't going to tell her and let her wait for the anvil to drop.

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The bells were loud. The teacher began to panic. The kids looked around obviously confused, "There was no drill scheduled for today." Said Quelle. Quelle is my new best friend after Kez died.

"This isn't a drill Q

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The Class poured out of the school in a mass of panic for students. Looking around I realised something. Everyone I saw was looking at me. Today, Something wasn't right. There was no way. That

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Chapter 2 by Auntie Em



Quelle's face was burnt badly, but i knew he wouldn't die. He still had 7 years left.

"Go go go! Out of the school everyone!"

I grabbed Quelle and ran. I ran as fast as I could, because even though I can see when others will die, the same does not apply to myself.

I tried to think. I know everyone dies, except Quelle and possibly me. That means they are not going to make it out of the main entrance, and neither will we if we follow them.

I make a split second decision.

"Come on Quelle! There's another exit this way!"

"Mie, that's crazy! It's further away!"

"You have to trust me or we'll both die!"

"Wh-", he was cut off as I dragged him with me towards the big red beautiful EXIT sign.

"Hurry up Que... Quelle?" I looked behind me and saw that he had fallen and hit his head. Not only that, flames were coming from behind him, licking at his face.

"Quelle! Can you hear me?" There was no response. This wasn't possible. He still had 7 years. His face was burned all down one side, but I knew he was still alive, so I lifted him and ran towards the exit.

Chapter 3 by Harlander



Smoke stung my eyes and throat as I staggered out of the burning building, Quelle a motionless weight against my shoulder. At long last, I stumbled out into the frigid winter air.

I knelt and lay Quelle down on the concrete. His chest was still, his eyes open but fixed on nothing.

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"Quelle! Speak to me, Quelle!" I called out, my voice cracking. I knew I should stop, but before I could stop myself,

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I pressed my hand against his neck. I couldn't find a pulse. Still that knowledge stuck in my head. Seven years.

It was seven years while he lay there motionless. Seven years as the paramedics struggled to restore him to life. Seven years as the coroner zipped him inside a body bag.

Another pupil, one of the ones I was sure would perish. I saw their death day scribed on the air in invisible light. Today. I shoved them roughly away and stumbled out into the street. A couple of police officers had appeared. I read the name and date of one of them. Yesterday. The other - last week.

I felt my mind whirling. What did this mean?

Chapter 4 by Isaiah Alston



"Miedelenth, dinner's ready" called my mom. I has been about 8 months since the accident. I still haven't recouped fully.

"Be right there mom." I wouldn't be. I had already had the rope ready. This life is too much for me. This "gift" that I have been blessed with by god. But it's starting to feel like a curse from the devil himself.

I stand on the stool slowly putting my head through the loop. When the rope is finally firmly around my neck. I had long since figured out that I used to be a white rose. So pure and innocent. But I have seen more people die than I wish to remember. But as my gift became stronger (I can now extend or shorten someone's life by about a year, that's my limit. But that limit seems to be growing lately from a year to a year and a half. But that's not a gift I want to improve upon.

I push myself forward on the stool till I was flying. Literally I had flew above the stool and almost touched my ceiling. What was this presence that I feel. This presence that I knew so well. I looked up and of course, I saw him. See more of Story Wars

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Chapter 5 by Tellurs <3



"Whoa! Easy!" Something grabbed my coat stopping me from hanging myself. What the hell is going on. I turn and see who is holding my coat. Its a boy. He looks about 17 years old and seems incredibly happy even though he just witnessed me about to commit suicide. "Do you really want to do that? I mean, death isn't exactly fun. Trust me I know." The boy is seemingly normal until I steps into the light. His hair is deep purple and his clothes match. Who is this?

The boy pulls out a large machete and uses it to cut the rope. "You, are a very lucky girl ya know. If I was not there you would be..." The boy imitates a dead person hanging from the ceiling. "According to, um, people. You are not supposed to die today. So please, if you will, postpone suicide for later." Confused I take a seat on my bed. The boy continues, "My name is Jackie Mason. I work for a very special society called...um... okay. So much for sounding important, I am a Grim Reaper. I am not to let you die under the orders of my boss. So please, just go eat ya dinner with your mother and we can talk about 'this' later." The boy gestures to the door. Unable to do anything else i follow his commands and go downstairs, confused as hell.

Chapter 6 by Alex Waters



I eat dinner quickly. So quickly that I feel as if I will throw up, my mum sees my face, pale from seeing 'Jackie' with a tinge of green from eating my dinner too fast. She insists she checks my temperature, but I manage to escape claiming I'm really tired from 'school and stuff'. One of the most haunting things is seeing my mother's death date, it's frightening that I know when even she will die, the creator of my life.

I walk up the stairs slowly till my mum can't see me, then I break into a sprint. I see Jackie on my bed flicking through the pages of a book. When he sees my he places it on my bedside table and beckons for me to come sit next to him.

"Is it a good book?" he asks. I am taken aback. was expecting him to delve right in about why he's here.

"yeah, I guess. I haven't really read much." I say quickly

"I don't really get much time to read anymore, since the accident.."

Chapter 7 by Bibblyou2016



"What are you...why are you here" See more of Story Wars

"To stop you" he gestured

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I had so many questions. I recalled what he said to me earlier. What did he mean 'not supposed to die today'. A grim reaper? Were they real? How did he even get into my room? Why did he stop me from dying? Who is his boss? It was overwhelming.

He watched me intently as I struggled to put words together.

"Wh-wh-" I stuttered.

"I can tell you have a lot of questions." Jackie interrupted. "I don't have time to answer all of them. You-"

"Am I a Grim Reaper?" I blurted out.

Jackie chuckled. "No. But you have the ability to see things. Numbers, dates and time on a person, right?"

"Yes," I replied hesitantly. "Why is that?"

"We don't know." He looked at me with such intensity, it felt as though he looked straight into my soul. His pupils had a tinge of purple that accentuated from his clothes. It was almost mesmerizing if it weren't for the machete he had attached to his belt. What would he use that for? I thought to myself, it surely wouldn't be used for cutting ropes from suicidal people to ensure they die at the right time.

He followed my gaze to the machete. "Relax," he touched it lightly to shift it where it was out of my view. "It's not for you."

"Why did you save me?"

"So many questions," shaking his head, "they will be answered, when the time is right."

Something in his jacket vibrated. As Jackie took it out with care I could just make out the golden etches that marked the edge of the device. I looked more closely before he tucked it away. A pocketwatch.

Without another word he turned and walked away. A faint shade of purple, "I've got to go," he said abruptly. With a puff of air, he was gone.

"Wait!" I called out. Too late.

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Chapter 8 by Bibblybubble



"Honey, is everything alright up there?" called my mother. She must've heard me.

"Yeah," I replied, "Everything's fine!"

I stood in the middle of room, dumbfounded. What just happened? Deep in thought I shuffled my way across the room to my bed and sat down. I closed my eyes and tried to recall everything that just happened in the last few minutes. Grim Reaper. Society. Machete. Death. Accident. Wait a minute. Accident? Jackie said he was in an accident. Did he die? Was he once...human? Can humans become Grim Reapers?

So many questions. No one to answer them. Why did the Grim Reaper choose to save me? Was it because I had this 'gift'? I let out a sigh. This was just too much. Breathe Mie. Breathe. Just take a deep breath. Feeling my lungs expand, I slowly released the air trapped inside my lungs. A little light-headed but I was back in control, mentally. I got up from the bed and walked towards my laptop sitting on my desk. Jackie...Jackie...Marvin? Marshall? Mason! That was his last name! I googled Jackie Mason. An American stand-up comedian, film and television actor. Nope, definitely not him. The appearance looked nothing like him even if I were to imagine that man as a teenager.

Something bugged me about Jackie. He awfully reminded me of someone. I just couldn't put my finger on it. Squinting my eyes, I went through a list of people I knew in my head. Nothing. But it was his eyes. That royal purple in his eyes. And the intensity of his stare. I've felt that stare before. But where? Where have I felt that? Then it hit me.

Quelle.

Back in the day, while visiting the Mütter Museum with our class, he tried to tell me something with just his eyes. It was code for 'don't let your guard down'. He was right. That museum was downright scary. Filled with strange-looking people. Dead people. Dead people body parts.

But Jackie isn't Quelle. It was just coincidental that their stares had the same intensity. Regardless, my guard was up.

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